and furd-gownes hides all. Get thee glasse eyes, and like a scurvy politician, seeme to see the things thou doest not; No, now pull off my boots, harder, harder, so.

Edg. O matter and impertinency, mixt reason in madnesse.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my fortune, take my eyes; I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloster, thou must be patient, we came crying hither: thou knowst the first time that we smel the aire, we waile and cry. I will preach to thee, marke me.

Glo. Alack, alack, the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we crie that wee are come to this great stage of fooles: this a good blocke. It were a delicate stratagem to shoot a troope of horse with fell, and when I haue stole vpon these sonnes in law, then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter three Gentlemen.

Gent. O here he is, lay hands vpon him sirs.

Lear. No rescue, what a prisoner? I am eene the naturall foole of Fortune: vse me well, you shall haue a ransom. Let me haue a Chirurgeon, I am cut to'th braines.

Gent. You shall haue any thing.

Lear. No seconds, all my selfe: why this would make a man of salt to vse his eyes for garden water-pottes. I and laying Autumnes dust. *Gent.* Good Sir.

Lear. I will dye brauely like a Bridegroome. What, I will bee iouiall: Come, come, I am a King my masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then theres life in't, nay if you get it you shall get it with running. *Exit King running.*

Gent. A sight most pittifull in the meanest wretch, past speaking of in a king: thou hast one daughter who redeemes nature from the generall curse which twaine hath brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle sir.

Gent. Sir speed you, what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought of a battell toward?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar, euery ones heares
That can distinguish sense.

Edg. But by your fauour, how neeres the other army?

Gent.

Gent. Neere and on speed for't,
Stands on the hourely thoughts.

Edg. I thanke you sir, thats all

Gent. Though that the Queene
His army is mou'd on.

Edg. I thanke you sir.

Glo. You euer gentle gods tak
Let not my worser spirit tempt
To dye before you please.

Edg. Well pray you father.

Glo. Now good sir what are y

Edg. A most poore man, made
Who by the Art of knowne and
Am pregnant to good pitty. G
Ile leade you to some biding.

Glost. Hearty thankes, the b
to boot, to boot.

Enter St

Stew. A proclaim'd prize, mo
was first framed flesh to raise
Traitor, briefely thy selfe reme
destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly h

Stew. Wherefore bolde pez
traytor, hence least the infecti
thee, let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let go sir wit

Stew. Let go slaue, or thou

Edg. Good Gentleman goe
and chud haue beene zwagga
bene zo long by a vortnight
keepe out cheuore ye, or ile t
be the harder, chill be plaine

Stew. Out dunghill.

Edg. Chil pick your teeth

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